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Poetry.

MOONS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.
Surely, there's nothing new under the sun,
as the following quotation from one of the poems of the poet Gray will show. The poem is a description of the customs and fashions of the times in England a hundred years ago. It is a poem that the boys were more of a novelty in those days than in this progressive age.
"Fame had told that thereabouts there lurked
A wicked imp who called a poet—
Who would the country far and near,
Beset the children of the peasants,
Dread up the cows and tame the deers,
And suck'd the eggs and killed the pheasants."
My lady heard their joint petition
And sent her own commission
To rid the nation of such vermin.
On the first, marching of the troops,
The Muse, hopeless of his pardon,
Convey'd him underneath their nooses,
To a small arbor in the garden."

ADVERTISING.

"When urged by adverse temptation to the brink
Of ruin, stand the virtuous mind,
With scarce a step beyond all plying hours,
Save in money, chastising in his love,
On the dark and awful visitation,
Doubtful, and leads the wanderer back
To the straight path, to be forever after
A firm, undaunted, downy leading traveler,
Sluggish in humility, who serves no more."

A Revolutionary Sketch.

THE REBEL PEDDLER.

CHAPTER I.

It was near o'clock, one warm, sultry night in the month of September, 1778, that a party consisting of some one hundred horsemen, dressed in the uniform of British Light Horse, rode rapidly along the road traversing the right bank of the Santee, South Carolina, and took their way toward the dwelling house of Walter Steel. They were commanded by Hugh Langford, a Moody and cruel officer in the English service, who had been selected and placed in the position he occupied, on account of his adamant heart and tyrannical disposition, for the express purpose of teaching the surrounding inhabitants due observance to his majesty's laws.

On many occasions he had exercised his authorities in the most barbarous manner, brutally burning the houses of known Whigs, and ruthlessly hanging the owners, without provocation, save their liberal opinions. His name had become a terror to all the patriotic inhabitants of the State; the most so, as General Francis Marion, the only rebel partisan who offered any resistance to the British troops, had been for some time absent in North Carolina, leaving Langford undisputed sway over the region.

Walter Steel, towards whose house Langford was now making his way, was a well known sterling white, and had been heard to advance opinions both in favor of the Revolutionists, and directly in opposition to King George. Many wondered why he had escaped the vengeance of Langford, but there had been a charm peculiar in his nature, hanging around the dwelling of the aged rebel, which had so far preserved his home from destruction.

Mary Steel had won the admiration of the captain, and this had ripened into love on his part, and as is usual on such occasions he wished and strove to appear in a favorable light to her, and of course treated her and her family with all the lenity in his power.

From the bottom of her heart Mary despised the bloody officer, but aware that her father's life depended on her actions, she coquetted with Langford in such a manner as to induce him to think he was the idol of her heart. But he was soon to be undeceived.

He had been called to Charleston and had been absent from Santee about two weeks, and at the time he was introduced, he was returning with fond expectations to Steel's, having determined to become an intimate to the object of his affections.

die than become the wife of the blood thirsty villain."

And Langford stood at the window and heard it all.

You could have seen his brow contract and his face turn red and pale in rotation and behold his teeth sink into his under lip until the warm blood ran trickling down his chin, and fell drop by drop on his heavy bosom; yet he stirred not, but with every muscle, trembling like an aspen, he listened for the reply.

"I believe you, Mary, and never yet doubted the real cause of your action; but I trust there will be no more cause for this meddling. Marion has returned to the Santee, his blood boiling to avenge his countrymen upon this same Langford, and woe to the puppet of English power if he leaves the streets of Charleston for the open country at present."

"But he is coming, I got a letter from him the other day—conceding in the most loving terms—in a few days to claim his bride. I threw the abhorred letter in the fire, and wished he might break his neck first."

Langford could stand it no longer. The warm blood had rushed into his face till it was red as scarlet, and drawing back his right hand he dashed the window in by a vigorous blow, and exclaimed in a voice of thunder—

"And he is here to claim his bride, and hang the traitor that would seduce her love!"

Saying which he called his men and sprung into the room.

Steel uttered one convulsive scream of horror, and sunk lifeless to the floor, while the partisan, surprised at the unexpected interruption, retreated to the side of the room, and placed his back against the wall, drawing his sabre as he did so.

"Aye, my fine fellow, caught in a trap of your own setting," exclaimed Langford, sneering as he glanced at the rebel. "Seize him, men," he added to the several soldiers who had by this time crowded into the apartment, "and guard him well!"

The men advanced to obey, but concluding that resistance would be useless against such odds, he bent his knee, across which he snatched his sabre and threw the pieces on the floor. He was then quietly led from the spot.

Langford being left alone in the room with Mary, advanced and bent over her senseless form, which he was about raising in his arms, when Walter Steel came into the apartment. Striding up to the Captain, he placed his left hand against his shoulder, and pushed Langford rudely from the body, at the same time raising his daughter with his right.

"A father's attention is best given to his daughter at the present time," he said sternly, noticing the scowl gathering upon the officer's brow.

"But remember, Mr. Steel, that I am not to be insulted with impunity," growled Langford, angrily.

"And you will recollect, Capt. Langford, that I am master of my own household," replied Steel, though a little touched by the officer's taunt. "If you have anything to say to my daughter, you must wait until she has recovered."

"Well, I have a great deal to say, and will give you just two hours to prepare for what is to take place."

"Much obliged to you for your condescensions," muttered Steel, in an audible voice, as he bore his child from the room.

to the soldiers, most of whom wanted something. When all had been supplied, the Yankee approached the fire, where two men were cooking the supper, and displayed his merchandise.

These men were unfortunately out of money, and after endeavoring in vain to dispose of something to them, he petulantly exclaimed—

"Well, you won't buy anything, can't you tell me of somebody who will?"

"You see that fellow tied to that tree, don't you?" said one of the men, pointing to the rebel lover of Mary, who had been bound to a sapling near the fire.

"I rather guess I dew."

"He is to be hung in the morning, and would doubtless like to buy a black cap for the occasion."

"Thank you, mister; there's a pocket comb for you. I've got the blackest cap ever you seed."

While speaking the peddler had thrown the comb to the ground, and he instantly made off for the prisoner. As he drew near the rebel raised his head and gazed upon him, but his slouch hat completely hid his features.

"They say you are to be hung in the morning, and I thought you'd like a black cap to put on," exclaimed the peddler, still breaking the silence.

"Do you come to tempt me?" exclaimed the prisoner quickly.

"No, but this cap of mine is a darnd' good one, and lets people off hanging so easy."

The peddler placed a strong emphasis on the word "off," which caused the prisoner to again attempt to scrutinize his features. This time the matter was not so difficult. The hat was slipped to one side, and the countenance fully revealed.

"Heavens, can it be possible?" murmured the rebel in a guarded tone.

"Hist, or all may be lost. Buy the cap, and in its top you will find a knife. My men are near by, but we number only thirty. Strategem must be used. Cut your cords when they are asleep, and then be off."

"But Mary," said the young officer, in a hollow whisper.

"Shall be saved, rest assured of that."

"Well, I guess you can have it for that, though it's a little price," exclaimed the peddler, aloud, observing that one of the men was approaching the spot, at the same time handing the prisoner the cap.

pathy for her, and offer to help her. She will send for this Marion for aid. Return and guide me to the spot, and your fortune is made."

"I'll dew it, I'll make her believe I'm her best friend, get her to tell me where this alleged rebel is camped and lead you to the spot."

Taking up his things, the peddler left the apartment of Langford, and soon reached the door of the room where Mary Steel and her father were sitting. Knocking upon the door, he soon heard the voice of Steel demanding who was there.

"A peddler who wants to sell Miss Steel some goods," he answered.

A short consultation was heard between Mary and her father, and then the door was unlocked and the peddler admitted.

Advancing directly across the apartment to where Mary was seated by a table he immediately made a display of his goods before her, but she immediately exclaimed—

"I have no wish to purchase anything, but if you will do me a service I will pay you well for it."

"What is it, madam?" asked the peddler, pulling his slouch hat still further over his face.

"I am about to be forced into marriage with the captain of the men around the house. I hate and despise him. If you will consent to convey a message for me to Gen. Marion, he will come to my assistance and prevent it."

"Mary Steel," fell from the lips of the peddler, in a soft, musical voice, which riveted the eyes of the maiden fixedly upon him. The slouch hat fell slowly off revealing to the eyes of the astonished girl the features of Gen. Marion.

"Oh Marion, this is too much. Why run this risk, why jeopardize your life in this reckless manner?" murmured the maiden reproachfully.

"Nay, Mary, methinks if your sharp eyes could not pierce my disguise, those who never saw me would not be likely to make the discovery. I will prevent his marriage, and teach Langford a lesson in letters of blood! Good bye, for the present."

And the general, who had assumed the slouch hat and panniers slipped from the room.

He made his way at once to Langford's apartment, and found that officer impatiently awaiting his return.

"What news?" exclaimed the captain.

"Good. We've got the rebel shure as shootin'." He just three miles from here, on the up-river road."

"Do you know the spot exactly?"

and creating terrible tumult and dismay. Some few of those farthest in the rear made an early retreat, among whom was Langford, he having pushed his way back when the first volley of stones were rolled down upon his men, and fled as fast as horse hoof speed would carry him back to Steel's, accompanied by about a dozen men.

Upon reaching the house, he dismounted from his steed and rushed to the door, which he found was fastened; but a few knocks brought a person to who threw it open, displaying one of his troopers.

The captain entered, followed by the men who had escaped with him, and the door was again secured.

This done the captain hastened up stairs and knocked upon the door of Mary Steel's room. No answer came, and he knocked more rudely than before, but in vain; all within was silent as the grave.

He shook the door lock, but firmly it was fastened upon the inside, now he ordered a man to bring him an axe, that rested at the foot of the stairway.

With this he soon forced an entrance by splitting the panicle into pieces, and sprang like a famished tiger into the room.

But it was empty—there prey had escaped, and like a fiend, Langford springs to the open window, out of which he thrust his head. As he does it the sharp crack of a rifle is heard, and staggering back, the captain falls upon the floor, with the blood slowly oozing from a bullet hole in the center of his forehead.

CHAPTER V.

We must now return to the rebel lover of Mary, whom we left bound to the sapling, with the penknife given him by the peddler, secured in his mouth.

After the departure of Langford the three men who had been left to guard him took their stations not many feet from him, and for a few moments attentively watched every movement he made.

But the troopers had ridden hard and far that day and it was soon proposed that two of the party lay down and rest, while the third kept watch for an hour, when he should rouse one of the sleepers to take his place.

Loose were drawn; the first guard fell upon one of the three, called Lazy John, from a well known propensity he had of going to sleep without being aware of so doing.

"Take care, John or you will be asleep before we are," said one of the men, as he stretched himself upon the ground at full length.

"Keep your eyes wide open, John," cried the other as he followed his companion's example.

"Can't see the use of watching a man who's tied fast to a tree at any rate," muttered John as he sank upon a log near the fire.

Twenty minutes went by, and the men, who had stretched themselves upon the earth, gave undoubted signs of being asleep. John however still remained seated upon the log with his head nod, nod, nod, and his body occasionally jerking to and fro, in a state of drowsiness which was next thing to asleep, but which a slight noise would have thrown off, and awakened fully.

It was in this state of affairs that Harry Bodman, the prisoner, began his preparations to escape. The knife was taken from his mouth, and the keen blade soon severed the cord which fastened him to the tree. He then stooped down, and drawing off his boots, took one in each hand and noiselessly made his way to the door of the house—it was partly ajar, entering it he quickly ascended the stairs, where he paused and drew on his boots, then advanced to the entrance of Mary's apartment and knocked upon it.

"Down with you, Harry—be quick!" exclaimed the scout, and hurried thus by his companion, Bodman stood behind Mary and her father.

Brady followed, and upon reaching the ground hurried forward to a large log lying in the yard directly in front of the window behind which he concealed himself, pointing the muzzle of his rifle toward the house.

This had scarcely been done before the troopers reached the house springing from their horses, and in a few moments the scout saw the head of Langford thrust from the window. To level and fire with the effect already noted, was the work of an instant; and as the captain fell heavily back upon the floor, the tramp of more horses was heard.

The noise of barring doors and securing the first story windows of the dwelling was heard for a few moments after the arrival of the Americans in front of the house, and then all relapsed into silence.

The men of Marion, had dismounted and surrounded the house, but the shade of the night was so gloomy where Bodman, Steel and Mary stood aided by the shadow of the building, that they remained undiscovered by either friend or foe.

Ben Brady, the scout, still crouched behind the log, with the muzzle of his gun directed towards the window out of which he had escaped, within the room of which the light was still burning.

Suddenly the moon was covered by a cloud, and the darkness rested like a ball upon everything around. Then the voice of Brady rose gradually upon the air as he exclaimed—

"Hist! Bodman, come this way, and bring the girl and her father with you." Quick, as the moon will soon be out again."

Bodman, grasped Mary by the arm, and glided from the shade of the house but had scarcely proceeded twenty steps when the muzzles of two carbines were thrust out of the window and pointed toward them in the gloom, while the dusky figures of the troopers who held them were plainly perceptible within the apartment.

The rifle of Brady was raised in a twinkling to his eye and the three pieces blenched forth their contents together. A wild shriek instantly rang upon the air, and that voice was recognized by every rebel soldier as belonging to Mary Steel.

There was an instant of death-like silence again broken by the wails of the wounded girl, but this time they were drowned by the yells of vengeance which burst from the lips of Marion's men, as like so many blood-hounds, they rushed to the assault.

"Spare not a man," shouted a well known musical voice, rising far above the din and tumult of the conflict. "Death to our oppressors!"

"Down with the British—on!"

And the sound of heavy blows falling upon every door, mingled with the sharp crack of rifles and the curses of combatants as the assault progressed.

In the midst of the conflict, and ere an entrance had been gained, Harry Bodman followed by Ben Brady, suddenly appeared before Marion.

"A dozen men!" said the youth, hoarsely.

"For what?"

From the Springfield (Ill.) Republican.
Narrow Escape from the Savages.
--Remarkable Narrative.
Mr. William Baily, formerly of Lybville, Ogle county, in this State, called upon us last evening, and related the following thrilling and remarkable narrative:—

From his description of places and things which he saw, we are perfectly satisfied that his statement is correct in every respect. A gentleman of this city, who has traveled over the country he describes, assured us that no person, except he had visited these places, and witnessed what he describes, could ever have related truthfully what he related. He converses in several different Indian languages, and appears to have paid close attention to what he saw passing around him during his sojourn among the savages. He looked well and hearty, and with the exception of his hands being torn by some wounds from a tomahawk, he seems to have suffered no damage. He left on the cars last evening for Logan county, where his mother resides.

Mr. Baily left here some eighteen months ago with a party of nine persons to engage in driving teams from the Gulf of Mexico to the Rio Grande. They landed at Indianola and lived to a man by the name of Ross to drive team for him. They drove to Nueces river and camped there. Whilst asleep their mules were stole by the Indians. They prepared the next day to follow them, and came up with them at sundown. They saw six Indians, fired at and killed them all, when they were attacked by about 300, who were secreted in the woods. They immediately fired on the white men, killing all but Mr. Baily whom they took a prisoner. They then took him back to the wigwags, which they plundered of all the arms and ammunition in them. They took two boxes of Government Colt's revolvers and twenty kegs of powder. He was stripped of all his clothing and bound hand and foot upon a pony. They then started for their encampment in the Wichita mountains, which place they reached after eleven days hard riding.

They remained in camp about a week, and then started on a robbing expedition to attack a train on the Santa Fe road. They remained about five days waiting, when a merchant train came along. They proceeded to surprise the train, and killed every person with it, took the goods and mules belonging to the train and started for the Kickapoo settlement, traded off the mules for ponies and returned to the Wichita Mountains.

The prisoner was kept strictly confined during the day, and was tied up every night with pieces of raw hide, by the hands to a limb of a tree, as high high up as he could reach and stand on the ground. During the day he was allowed to lie down and sleep a few hours. During the time Mr. Baily was with them they went on five robbing expeditions, taking him always along with them. The last merchant train they robbed they took two prisoners who had bravely defended themselves till their weapons were all discharged, and who had killed twelve of the Indians. These two were then taken and tied to a stake and skinned alive. Mr. Baily was placed close to them and compelled to witness this horrible scene. Every time he would close his eyes they would punch him with spears and bayonets until he would open them, and look on this picture of revolting horror.

One of their excursions was against the United States mail wagons. They killed the five men with them, tore open the letters, got out the money, and after cutting out the pictures from the bank bills, threw them away. They kept all the newspapers that had any pictures in them—throwing everything away that was not embellished.

For three nights after this they did not tie him up but kept guard over him. The third night they had a big war dance, and in the excitement, forgot Mr. Baily. While dancing around their fire in front of the tent, he crawled out under the back of the tent, seized one of the ponies and escaped. He was soon missed, and it was not until five days after the expiration of that time they came to close on him that they fired at him, which obliged him to leave his horse and take to the mountains. Fortunately he found a small cave just large enough to crawl into, in which place he remained a day and a half, the Indians being so near him that he could hear their footsteps as they searched for him.

He remained in this position until he was assured his pursuers had left, when he emerged from his concealment, and made a straight shoot for the Kickapoo settlement, about 600 miles distant. In about a month he reached the longed-for point, where he hoped to find friends and assistance. Nor was he disappointed in this. He was kindly furnished food and clothing by the Kickapoos. He had subsisted for the whole month previous to this on birch roots, which he dug with his hands on his lonely march. While with the Cananches he was fed on raw horse flesh. Not a very pleasant diet, truly. The Kickapoos treated him very kindly, and showed him on his long journey to civilization.

After leaving them, four days' journey brought him to the Chickasaw camp, from thence he proceeded to the Choctaw nation, who treated him in the most humane manner. He journeyed on to the Shawnee nation, where he was welcomed to the best they had in their lodges. Leaving them, he next reached the Cherokee, and then made for Missouri, which State he made some 20 miles north of the Neosho. From thence he came to St. Louis, and then to this city; having traveled constantly and steadily on foot for over two months.

As stated before, he left here last evening for Logan county, where he has a mother anxiously waiting his return. Mr. Baily is a young man, about 22 years of age, and born on the 4th July, our national day of Independence. He says he is an independent man, but did not feel so at the time he was witnessing the horrid murder of his fellow-men, among the savages of the Far West. After eighteen months hardships and privations, he finds himself once more among civilized people, and in a land of peace and happiness. We should suppose by this time he would be glad to locate in Suckermilk, and "rain no more."

LOFTY CONDUCT.—In the neighborhood where I once lived, a man and his wife were almost constantly quarreling; during their quarrels there only child (a boy) was generally present, and of course had caught many of his father's expressions.

One day, when the boy had been doing something wrong, the mother, intending to chastise him, called him, and said: "Come here, sir; what did you do that for?"

The boy, completely flustered his army, imitating his father's manners, replied: "See here, madam, I don't wish to have any words with you."

Why are cowardly soldiers like but?—Because when exposed to the fire they run.

What word is that composed of five letters, from which if you take two, one remains?—Stone.